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are rather the eloquence of painting than the poetry: they mostly (unless they are quite out of place in the picture) express the feelings of one person as modified by the presence of others. Accordingly, the minds whose bent leads them rather to eloquence than to poetry, rush to historical painting. The French painters, for instance, seldom attempt, because they could make nothing of, single heads, like those glorious ones of the Italian masters, with which they might feed themselves day after day in their own Louvre. They must all be historical; and they are, almost to a man, attitudinizers. If we wished to give any young artist the most impressive warning our imagination could devise against that kind of vice in the pictorial, which corresponds to rant in the histrionic art, we would advise him to walk once up and once down the gallery of the Luxembourg. Every figure in French painting or statuary seems to be showing itself off before spectators: they are not poetical, but in the worst style of corrupted eloquence.

(To be continued.)

JACOBUS.

A BRETON LEGEND. BY S. ROPARTZ.

CHAPTER I.

HOW JACOBUS WAS EDUCATED IN THE ABBEY OF REDON.

At the monastery of the Holy Saviour in Redon, and at a time which it is not incumbent upon me to mention, and which, moreover, I am not able to designate, there lived a novice who, with the characteristics of a child, yet wore the costume of a Benedictine monk. His name was Jacobus. His uncle, one of the wise men of the abbey, had taken charge of him as soon as he could walk and speak, because his parents were poor fishermen, and were compelled to endure the trials of life in great misery.

The reverend monk bestowed so much pains upon his nephew that, notwithstanding his youthful years, Jacobus was able to compete with the holiest and the wisest of the sacred inclosure. He knew Latin and Greek, and wrote prose and verse in both languages. He painted the books of the choristers and the missals with marvellous skill in blue and vermillion, and he illuminated them with silver and gold; the one which the abbey presented to the duke, and which excited the admiration of the whole court, was entirely the work of the novice, himself represented upon the frontispiece, standing behind the kneeling abbot and humbly offering his work to the prince. If we may trust to this portrait, Jacobus was a handsome and a graceful young man. His pale and manly face revealed noble and refined traits, and the crown of chestnut locks which encircled his shaven brow strangely contrasted, and yet sympathetically, with the jet-black eyes, so piercing and passionate underneath their long silky shadowy lids.

Reared in a cloister and familiar with no world but that which he found in the church-vaults, the deep woods, the river, the rocks and the vineyards of the immense Benedictine precincts, the novice dreamed of no enjoyment but science, of no wealth but books, and of no pleasures but those which he derived from poetic feeling and in delineating mysteries upon the vellum and papyrus manuscripts. Confined during the day to the charterhouse, he bent his brow over ample rolls, he unceasingly read and reread the inspired pages of the Bible and the thoughtful commentaries of the doctors and holy fathers of the church; but he read merely to know, to understand, to gratify that insatiate thirst for the infinite, which was the absorbing passion of his soul; he read to doubt and to criticise; his heart never stirred within his breast so as to prompt him to fly to God upon the wings of prayer and aspiration.

At evening, within the shadowy forest where the stream murmured its music, and the fragrant flowers sweetly and regretfully folded their leaves and shed their perfume for the night, the monks would encounter Jacobus alone, musing and uttering harmonious words—for Jacobus wrote poems which no rhapsodies of his time surpassed.

He sang of the generosity of Rathwilus and of the protecting hand of Neomenus, who permitted Convoyon and his disciples Winkalon, Leomel and Condelok to lay the foundation of their famous monastery in the midst of the forest of Redon.

He told how the barks of the Norsemen had been tossed by the tempest when they strove to land upon the coast, and how the saintly founder prevented the pirates from crossing the threshold of the convent.

He again related the folly of the women of Rieux, who, while they were washing, repulsed the mystic bark, conducted by an invisible hand, that came to bear to Redon the great crucifix that stood over the high altar, and which served as a divine protection to the sacred edifice.

At other times he wrote hymns and canticles in honor of the martyrs whose relics, incased in gold and covered with precious stones, were venerated in the abbey church. He invented new rhythms and verses in metrical order, which fell upon the ear in sweet and even cadences. He composed, too, airs adapted to sacred odes, music which bore no resemblance to the grave and pious melodies habitually chanted by the choir. The old monks who had sought refuge in the cloister, leaving behind them upon the brambles of the world some of the bleeding remnants of youth, felt, as they listened to Jacobus' penetrating voice, their breasts heave with fond recollections of the *trouvères'* seductive strains and the passionate poetry of the bards.

And yet there could be nothing more chaste or more devoutly inspiring than the hallowed subjects which the novice chose for his poems; but in composing them, he

was not absorbed in the sweet and moving melody of verse and music; his spirit, launched by genius into ideal regions, lingered in the realms of vanity, and did not aspire to Paradise, where dwell the saints and that God whose name translated itself from his pen in pearls of harmony.

Thus did the Cumæan sibyl and the Delphian oracle blindly foreshadow the coming of that Christ whom they would not recognize and worship in their heart.

CHAPTER II.

HOW JACOBUS CAME TO READ A STRANGE BOOK.

WHEN Jacobus retreated to the convent library to search among neglected manuscripts for some new aliment to feed his insatiable curiosity, he always chanced to place his hand first upon the fragment of a volume which he ever rejected with a sign of impatience. He would toss every sheet that he afterward lifted, upon this unfortunate old book; but, as if an evil spirit labored each night to regulate the confusion he made, the morning would find the soiled and decayed parchment still uppermost, and the novice, as if impelled by fate, with his hand upon it and in the act of opening it.

At length, instead of casting the book down, Jacobus one day spread it out upon his reading-desk, and overran it with an eager eye. But time and dust had so nearly effaced the strange characters which covered the parchment, half consumed by rats, it was scarcely possible to distinguish the few faint and scattered marks that had been traced by the writer's pen. Any other than a Benedictine would have at once abstained from the task of deciphering the hieroglyphics; but Jacobus was struck with the persistency with which the manuscript met his fingers, and he resolved to unravel the mystery. He set himself to the task; after having cleaned the parchment, he employed every formula of alchemy that the monks were accustomed to make use of, to revive the defaced lines of palimpsests. Day after day for many long months he renewed his attempts, constantly testing new combinations and new mixtures of drugs and elixirs. Nothing would answer. The vellum ever appeared greyish and dark; a few isolated characters of a reddish tinge were alone distinguishable upon the soiled background of the tattered manuscript.

Jacobus now began to grow meagre and careworn; he had ceased wandering in the forest to indulge poetic fancies amid the oaks and the chestnuts; wholly devoted to his enterprise, he confined himself the entire day to his cell, which he had converted into an alchemist's laboratory, decked with vials, furnaces and crucibles. In the choir he dreamed of his manuscript and sang no more; in the refectory he would scarcely eat: at night, when one of the monks chanced to leave his peaceful couch, he could observe a lambent flame and myriads of sparks shoot from the chimney of the novices' quarter into the gloomy sky above.

Despair and discouragement began to fasten upon the young Benedictine, when, one night after extinguishing the embers in his forge, and casting himself upon a couch of reeds, a new idea flashed into his mind.

I have somewhere read of an ignoramus who, on hearing those simple revelations spoken of, which seem, indeed, to be so natural that you wonder that you did not perceive them before, and yet, in virtue of which, one man has discovered a new world, another taken a giant's leap in science or industry, exclaim, "After all, it is but a lucky chance." "Admitted," said some one in reply, "provided you grant that these chances happen only to men of genius!"

Now this is what Jacobus said to himself: "I have expended ineffectually upon this stubborn parchment more salts and acids than are requisite to revive every character that the hand of man has traced since Cadmus, the Theban, first invented the art of writing; but I may have been in error from the beginning—perhaps I may have attributed to age that only which is the result of accident—how, if in a shipwreck this book should have fallen into the sea!"

The novice reflected a moment, his finger on his brow. "It is so—it is even that!" he cried, and rising from his couch, he relighted his lamp and his furnaces, subjected a new mixture to the flame, and poured it with a feverish hand upon a sheet of the manuscript. With a fixed eye and a heaving breast he watched the action of the preparation upon the parchment—not a line appeared.

Jacobus let his arms fall by his side in despair; he fell rather than sat down upon his bed, and he began to weep bitterly.

Why attach so much importance to a discovery in which there was no apparent advantage to him?

He could not have answered this question himself. Without being conscious of it, he had aroused all the passion, heightened by obstacles, which his fiery soul contained.

For more than a year, his energies, his whole life had been concentrated upon a few letters, oddly and capriciously spaced, and which the eye could scarcely discern on the stained and dirtied surface of the parchment.

He had just seen his last hope vanish; and like an honest man deceived by his fellows, like a merchant who hears of the wreck of his last ship, Jacobus, discouraged, wept like an infant.

Notwithstanding this, he arose a second time, carefully turned over the moist pages, and finally came to the last one, which was no longer a complete sheet, but a fragment, a patch upon which he had made no experiment. With some hesitation he pours upon it a few drops of the white fluid which still remained at the bottom of the vial, and waits patiently and with seeming indifference, the result of this final attempt. The parchment begins to curl and to writhe under the action o.

the liquid. Jacobus, impassible, keeps his eye fixed upon its contortions, when, suddenly he raises his head and utters a cry of triumph; four or five lines make themselves visible as if by enchantment, as legible and as clean as if but just traced by the writer's pen.

Jacobus, happy and proud in having solved his problem, contented himself that night with the resuscitation of the dead letter of the manuscript, and, convinced that his late experiments had forever destroyed the characters traced upon the remaining pages, he closed the volume without even reading the lines that he had brought to life, and which seemed to him to possess no interest apart from the lost portion of the work.

He never so much as thought of returning thanks to God in a prayer. Stretching himself upon a couch, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In vain the convent bells tolled *matines* and *laudes*; the sun had completed the half of its course when the novice arose and appeared in the court below, as fresh and as radiant as a conqueror.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT JACOBUS READ IN THE BOOK AND WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Jacobus was the spoiled child of the monastery, the reverend father abbot thought he should not refrain from bestowing a few gentle reproaches upon him for his unusual indolence.

Jacobus took the admonitions very ill, and was exceedingly grieved; he retreated to his cell and brooded over the reproof in solitude.

He consequently became morbidly melancholy, and, the devil doubtless having something to do with it, the novice chanced to rest his eyes upon the manuscript to which was due the reproof that he took so much to heart.

He read without difficulty the following words:

"After the trespass of Pope Gregory and of John XXVII., who reigned after him. . . . He, Dagobert, went over to those parts of Spain which he knew to be in the possession of the Goths. . . . Now, the Goths had founded in the city of Toledo an university, where all the sciences of the magicians were taught, and the manner of invoking evil spirits; and for the highest science, they taught there, as it is related, the art of divination and that of enchantment in the manner in which the pagans were accustomed to practise it."

In the frame of mind in which Jacobus chanced to be, these few lines, it is readily apparent, did not fall upon barren soil.

A burning thirst for knowledge, an irresistible leaning toward occult sciences, deliverance from a mild but detestable thralldom, all these were, for him, comprised in two thoughts, to fly the abbey and to reach Toledo.

It was very easy to resolve and to contrive—to execute was quite otherwise.

To vault over the walls of the inclosure at twenty-five years of age—who would not have made the attempt? A love of liberty generates wings; but, once at the foot of the wall on the outside, how dispose of the Benedictine frock? Without money, without friends, without kindred in the world, how procure other garments, how cross unknown countries, how pass unknown seas? And, above all, which was the great obstacle, how could a novice, nursed, as it were, in a cloister, beyond the walls of which he had never stepped, play an acceptable part in a society he had not the least conception of?

Jacobus, in the face of these obstacles, which he owned to himself were insurmountable, postponed indefinitely the execution of his project, if he did not absolutely abandon it.

From this moment there were no more happy days for him. He saw in excited dreams the city called Toledo, that *el dorado* of science and glory; he saw himself in possession of that wonderful art, which, dissipating the clouds of the material world, brings man into contact with an invisible creation, peopled with mysterious and more powerful beings than ourselves; but the convent bell and the psalmody of the monks soon revived his incurable melancholy, causing him to fall from the heights of his dreams to realities such as belonged to a life of sacrifice, which appeared to him so much the more intolerable as it was not voluntary.

Desire and opportunity are two magnets of mutual attraction; when desire makes a step forward, opportunity takes two steps to meet it.

One summer evening two monks were seated upon a druidical tablet, half buried in the moss amid the roots of the venerable oaks. One of these monks was the father abbot, an old man of patriarchal mien, the other a person of about fifty years of age, with the face of a bravo, and with an athletic form. The abbot listened to the confession which the other made to him in a loud voice, with an air of paternal sympathy, and without fear of being betrayed in that solitary spot. It was the common story of a gipsy life, wonderful adventures, incredible successes, and intrigues such as were never before heard of—read the first popular romance of the day. The penitent, after ending his confession, humbly listened to the mild counsels of his confessor, and, lowering his face to the ground, received with tears in his eyes the old priest's absolution and accompanying benediction.

At the moment when they arose to return to the monastery with peaceful hearts and calm brows, a slight rustling was heard in the adjoining thicket. The monk turned his head. "Fear nothing, my son," said the abbot, smiling, "it is only a hind we have disturbed, and which is betaking itself to the forest."

Jacobus was the last to enter the refectory—the frightened hind.

"What!" said he to himself, when again in his cell, "wit and audacity! Do I need but these to succeed in this world? I shall be very unfortunate if I do not soon discover whatever wit and audacity I possess! He who loves danger will perish by it! So be it; I love danger if it must be so. I court it, challenge it, and will seek it from this time forward! May eternal truth be forsworn once in my behalf!"

Jacobus, in uttering these words, burst into a loud and diabolical laugh; an echo in his cell repeated the laugh, and the novice, in spite of himself, shuddered.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JACOBUS FLED FROM THE ABBEY.

Six months passed away after this deplorable indiscretion on the part of Jacobus, and the early days of spring had arrived. The environs of Redon, at this season of the year, present a peculiar aspect, and one which is not devoid of a certain melancholy charm, and one not wanting in picturesque grandeur. The Vilaine and the Oult, the one a broad, and the other a rapid stream, flow toward each other and meet at this point, and when increased by the melting of the snows, the two rivers overflow their banks and spread their waters over the flat expanse, forming a vast lake, above the surface of which rise, like spectres, the long files of naked chestnut trees and the great blue stones which mark the boundaries of the fields. An occasional elevation surmounted by a windmill, and the villages upon the level of the water, bring to mind Venice and its lagunes—without its sunshine.

Jacobus stood one morning alone on the top of a hill which the swollen river separated from the convent, occupied in culling herbs for the monastic dispensary. At this time the houses which form the pretty town of Redon were not yet clustered around the abbey like chickens under the maternal wing; only the cabins of the husbandmen were to be seen in the valley, and on the mountains the walls of Rieux appearing through the thin bluish vapor. Imagination supplied the place of objects to the monk, and, like Christ tempted in the desert, he saw all the kingdoms of the earth and their magnificence displayed at his feet. The steps of a horse splashing through the water drew him out of his dreamy revery.

"Ho! your reverence," exclaimed a bold and youthful voice, "if it please you to descend to the earth for an instant, and out of charity abandon the sky where your blessed eye is ranging!"

"What can I do for you, noble cavalier?" replied Jacobus, in a proud tone.

"In the first place, come down a little—a few steps more, in order that I may not split my throat to make myself heard."

"Well, now for your business!"

"Business! if you would only throw back that hood so as to let me see more than your two eyes—which," said the cavalier to himself, "might well belong to anybody else but a monk."

Jacobus had adopted the cowl of the oldest brother of the abbey, a kind of hood which he never removed from his head. Underneath this grew his chestnut locks without suspicion, thick and glossy, and of which the razor was never again to despoil him. The hood did not yield to the summons of the new comer.

"No matter," added he, "let us dispense with forms, for I am in haste."

"It would not seem so, according to your preface," said Jacobus, ironically.

"Will the boat soon be here to ferry me over this cursed Vilaine?"

"Not before midday."

"May the devil take my master and his penances!"

"No blasphemy, brother! it will not assist you."

"You can advance things materially, your reverence."

"It may be so."

"Listen, now. The noble Vicomte de Donges, my not too virtuous master, after a certain adventure which would scandalize your ears if I should relate it to you, has taken it into his head to repent. His confessor has enjoined him to do penance by bestowing upon the holy monastery of Redon, three hundred golden sous and this complete costume stripped from a poor devil of an equerry, whose throat our worthy baron cut one day after a drinking bout. The coat is new, and, upon my honor, it is well worth a handsome sum."

"And what may I do in this matter?" said Jacobus, with a careless tone, his heart almost bursting its confines.

"Eh! why, take charge of the expiatory offering, and bear it to the abbey upon your return at noon. You could not be of greater service, your reverence, to a youth who is longing to find upon his route a stoup of good wine"—

"What would you?"

"Ah! I comprehend—it would create some scandal. Well, then, say nothing about it, but out of charity take charge of this packet and of this purse."

"Take charge—and what may I do with them?"

"You may hand them over to the holy abbé on the part of my lord, the Vicomte de Donges, or you may fling them into the river, just as it pleases you, your reverence. And may God keep you in his grace and in perfect health."

The page cast the vestments of the equerry at Jacobus' feet, and a purse well-filled with gold, and then resumed his journey without giving the monk time to reply.

Jacobus suffered him to depart, after which he ascended to the summit of the hill to assure himself that there had been no witness of the interview. After this,

he descended, and finding a hollow in the rock, he concealed his treasure, closing up the mouth of the little cave with a huge stone, over which he gathered together a heap of rushes and brambles.

"*Pardieu*," said he to himself, "my point is gained—both money and clothes! Now, for the waters to return to their bed—fifteen days of patience! then, with wit and audacity, the world is mine!"

He broke out into a sinister laugh; an echo behind him repeated it, and again, in spite of himself, the novice shuddered.

Fifteen days from this time, as the plain began to look green and the waters no longer covered it, Jacobus was watching for the shades of night; and when they came, he exchanged his monk's gown for the habiliments of the murdered rider, placed his purse in his belt and sallied out in the open country, turning his footsteps toward the sea.

He had bidden an eternal adieu to the monastery.

CHAPTER V.

OF A MEETING THAT JACOBUS HAD, AND HOW HE EMBARKED AT DONGES.

If Jacobus had chanced to meet his brother—and I think that he had no brother—I am sure that his brother could not have recognized Jacobus. His brown locks rolled down in clusters upon his back, and a pair of delicate moustaches which he had ingeniously manufactured, awaiting the time when nature would furnish him with natural ones, imparted to his noble face a certain dignified air which became him astonishingly.

He strode along in his sober and elegant black-velvet dress as if the monastic robe had never fettered his limbs, and his fingers gracefully played with the handle of the poniard which was affixed to his side.

His device, wit and audacity! was engraved upon his brow, and it made itself visible in every fibre of his person.

The sun began to discharge its hottest rays when Jacobus became aware that the fatigue of his journey and the sharp air of night had furnished him with a formidable appetite. It is not very difficult to procure a breakfast with a hundred golden sous in one's pocket, so Jacobus entered the first dwelling that presented itself to his sight.

I am not quite sure that the dwelling was a hostelry; at all events, the new-comer was not refused, and he soon found himself at a table opposite a person who was dining, and whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as the page of the Vicomte de Donges. A smoking shoulder of mutton separated the two men, and they were flanked by two pots of cider, and both ate some time in silence, and both drank proportionately.

After the most voracious appetite of the two was satiated, the page opened the conversation: "Would it

be improper, my handsome friend, to ask in what direction you are travelling?"

"Not at all, if you will tell me your object in inquiring."

"With all my heart. I desire to know, because I am on my way to Donges, and, if you travel the same road, we may keep each other company."

"It is to Nantes that I am going," said Jacobus, "and as Donges lies on the way, a little converse will much abridge the length of the route."

By the time that the pots were empty, the two young men were the best friends in the world; that is to say so far as concerns the page, who imparted to Jacobus a thousand and one disclosures, while the latter lied with a boldness and success which was quite wonderful for a debutant, and one, moreover, who never betrayed himself.

They took their departure. The page's horse was strong and vigorous, and the two young men were light and of delicate frame; Jacobus seated himself upon the crupper behind, and grasped his companion's girdle.

As they journeyed, the page in a low voice related the object of his expedition. The Vicomte de Donges, who was for the time being at Rennes, had sent him with great mystery and with no little danger, to procure a book on magic and to receive answers to certain dark questions which he had put to a magician of Toledo, and to which the latter had but just sent replies.

"And how did these reach Donges?" demanded Jacobus, who almost fell from his seat with excitement.

"A vessel of the pagan's is upon the sea," said the page, "and a trusty bark is to convey me to it this evening. Would you like to be of the party, unless you are afraid to look these miscreant dogs in the face?"

"I fear nothing, having little to lose, and I am your man this night, were you to lead me to the depths of hell itself."

"It may not, perhaps, be to hell itself, but where it smells terribly like it."

The night had overtaken them when the two travellers reached the vast plains that surround the town of Donges. The black chateau rose up before them relieved like a silhouette upon the deep blue of the sky, and they could hear the dash of the waves upon the strand upon which our adventurers finally rested. The page made a signal, when the door of a cabin opened and two men and a child appeared. The child took the reins of the horse and led him away in the direction of the chateau, while the two men interchanged some words with the page, and all three, accompanied by Jacobus, entered the house.

But a short time, and Jacobus and the page stepped into a boat moored in a sequestered creek, which was managed by the two men of the cabin. Another bark approached them, and it bore the captain of the Mussul-

man felucca. The page's negotiations were promptly begun and soon ended, and the two barks were about to separate when Jacobus arrested them and demanded a few words with the foreign captain. After a short, mysterious conversation, Jacobus informed the astonished page that he was about to embark upon the Mussulman ship, and that he would no more return to the shores of Brittany.

"You care but little for either your soul or your head," said the page. "At any rate, good luck and a pleasant voyage to you. Adieu!"

CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN APPEARS THE PURPOSE OF THIS STORY.

WHILST our hero glides rapidly over a sea without a tempest, and beneath a sky without a cloud, for he was one of those whom fortune takes by the hand and everywhere protects, we purpose, if it be your pleasure, reader, to write what may be termed the preface of our story.

If any among those who read this history are familiar with the chroniclers of the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries, he will find no difficulty in recognizing in this recital a reminiscence of one of the calumnious legends invented by Cardinal Ballon and other satellites of the anti-Pope Clement III. against Pope Sylvester, and transmitted through the middle ages by Sigebert, Martin Polomes, and Vincent de Beauvais himself. This fable of a pope who was branded a magician, and one who had sold himself to the devil, had every prospect of becoming popular. Luther found it living in the memories of the beer-drinkers of Wittenberg, and you may read it, if you feel a desire to do so, in the 335th page of the German edition of the *Propos de Table*. Bouchard has also preserved it, not to make use of it as the reformer did, to reflect upon the papacy, but solely through curiosity, as well as to edify himself with the final repentance of Sylvester. There is no doubt but that Bouchard introduced the legend into Brittany, and it is owing to him that, modified by oral tradition, it reached the Breton story-tellers, from whom I procured it. The faith, however, of these Armorican covenanters, and their respect for the Holy See, which did not allow them to accept the satire in all its crudity, has transformed the supreme pontiff into a simple monk.

And for this reason I prize the legend more. Those who may read this poem, or legend, from end to end, will have no trouble in detecting the moral idea enveloped in its fantastic dress.

But as it is in the order of possible things, and even in the order of probable things, that a certain number of readers will not go very far into a deep study of this legend, I have thought it advisable to substitute for the long geographical description, at the end of which the original narrator lands Jacobus at Toledo, a few lines,

wherein I have analyzed the truths which are the base of it, and the demonstration of which will be found at the end of my story.

"When a man has once abandoned the line of duty and virtue, there is no crime he is not capable of, if he be decoyed by the prospect of gold, of power, or of pleasure; but these enjoyments of wealth, honors and the senses, are saturated with bitterness, for the calamity of death is suspended over our head like the fatal sword of the Greek tyrant; and, moreover, in dying, one must leave all behind him; and the loss of life is the greatest of evils. The phrase, so common, "I would rather die than lose my fortune, my position in the world, the object of my passion," is the most audacious falsehood that ever passes human lips. There is no man who, in the face of death, would not heartily abandon his treasure, his titles, his fame, his horses and his dogs, for a single half hour of existence; for life is not willingly sacrificed except in behalf of virtue."

It will be seen, therefore, by the history of Jacobus's adventures, that too many precautions cannot be taken when one bargains with the devil, for the devil is careful to turn to his own account every obscure and treacherous stipulation.

Some persons may, perhaps, think that this moral is superfluous, inasmuch as compacts with the devil are no longer in fashion. To this I would reply, what is notoriously true, that the demon in our day appears quite as often in human incarnations as Vishnu and Brahma formerly did; and it is quite as important to be on one's guard while treating with certain people, as if one was actually interchanging contracts with Satan himself. I think that a book intended to write these important truths upon people's minds, will not be regarded as barren and purposeless.

Some will doubtless assert that the fable might have been more exciting and more ingenious. For myself, I can only say, that I found the legend ready made, and that it afforded me extreme pleasure. Nothing may result from this diversity of opinion, except that tastes differ—which is a very ancient truth, and one which, to authors, is equally consoling and discouraging.

With this I resume my narrative, which will not be again interrupted by more or less impertinent reflections.

(To be continued.)

ENTERTAINMENT and information are not all that the mind requires at the hand of an artist. We wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble, to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds—to have communion with their images of what is godlike—and to take a part in the rapture of their love and the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and of high sculpture.—A. Cunningham.